

SCORES FAINT AS BILLY TALKS RED HOT HELL

Nine Thousand Men in
Tabernacle Sizzle Under
Old Theology.

SUNDAY, COLLARLESS,
POUNDS SATAN HARD

Swings 951 Onto Trail After
Three Most Successful Meet-
ings in Paterson.

(From a Staff Correspondent of The Tribune.)
Paterson, N. J., April 25.—Almost
suffocated, nine thousand men crowded
shoulder to shoulder, hanging on Billy
Sunday's words, this afternoon. He
preached the second of his "for-men-
only" sermons to an audience that en-
dured all the tortures of the steam
room in a Turkish bath.

It was horribly hot in the frame
building. The resin in the pine boards
absorbed the sunshine and held it. The
tar paper roofing seemed to suck in the
heat. Sweat rolled off men's foreheads
until their handkerchiefs were limp
and collars were soaked.

More than twenty of Sunday's hear-
ers were treated for prostration in the
Tabernacle Hospital. Others were hur-
ried, half fainting, from their seats
and hastily attended in the vestibules.

The scores of blazing electric lamps
made the building more like a furnace
than ever. The red lights at the fire
exits looked like the ends of red hot
pokers.

Spreading above Sunday's head, the
pale, glowing band that accentuates
his voice sprayed the heat down upon
him. He wore a thin pair of summer
trousers; his shirt was rolled up at the
elbows. Before he had proceeded fifteen minutes with his
sermon the garment was literally nothing
but a wet rag.

The evangelist's sermon harmonized
completely with the day and its tem-
perature. He believes in a roaring, sizz-
ling, scorching, red and blue flame
hell, and he preached it. He leaped
and shouted and stamped and waved
his arms and pointed his fingers and
battered and hammered them, he tore
them to shreds, wrapped them in par-
cels and threw them into the gutter.

Like Medical Treatise.

The first part of the sermon dealing
with the social vices and their con-
sequences abounded in figures and facts
like a medical treatise. And it was some-
times shockingly startling in its frank-
ness.

"I'm talking now to any single man
can stand and hear," he shouted. "I'm
talking to you, you, you, you, you, you,
like a child in the snow instead of a
fifty-two-year-old man in a 95-degree
temperature."

He swung into his diatribe against
rum. "It's killing you men! It's kill-
ing you, I tell you," he yelled. "I'm
trying to help you fellows," he said,
earnestly, his raucous voice vibrating
like a tuning fork. "I'm trying to help
you put a pane of glass in the win-
dow instead of a pillow, and give your
wife and children good clothes."

"I'm trying to get you to save
your money instead of buying an auto-
mobile for the sake of a few dollars of
hot-foot it. By the grace of God, I
have strength to pass the saloon, but
some of you haven't, and I am trying
to help you."

He leaned over and looked into the
eyes of a gray-headed man, with
bushy mustache, in the second row.
Sunday has a great habit of con-
centrating his attention on one individual
for a full minute of racing words, and
then veering suddenly to another
group.

Talked to One Man.

"I'm going to put up a fight for you,
old fellow," he said directly to this
man. "Oh, man, why, oh, why, can't
you see that after 1,000 years of whis-
key and wine and the terrible wrecks
they have made the only way under
heaven to meet is to rise and drive
from the land. They could be driven
from the community. Oh, if you Pres-
byterians would stop yelling 'Water,
water!' while two-thirds of your bunch
are going where they can't get a drop,
you'd soon clean up this saloon-filled,
brewery-controlled community for
Christ, and I'm going to skin them."

"I don't know whether you have had
anybody," he turned to Carl Cardiff,
his trainer, who sat behind him. "I
know my chair," he called, and re-
telling the rude kitchen chair, he
yanked it up, the platform and stood
on the seat of it—"whether you have
had anybody preach straight before to
the old, bull-necked screwdrivers in this
town before."

The men in the Tabernacle stamped
and clapped and stamped and clapped
until the echo must have resounded for
blocks. Sunday, became more and more
dramatic. He spread-eagled his hands
and cried out:

"When I am through, good old Pat-
erson, you can take me to the bridge
over the Passaic, tie a millstone around
my neck and dump me over the side,
and as I sink and the bubbles come
back to the surface you will have to
say, 'There goes the body of a man
who was not afraid to preach the truth,
anyway!'"

Had Crowd with Him.

Sawdust Bill had the crowd with
him more than at other meetings.
He took his audience through the

Summer Jostles Spring; Sets New Heat Record

Continued from page 1

to five thousand regular bathers. They
sportied about in the surf, and some of
the more original declared that "the
water was fine."
Although the crush was tremendous

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Scenes at Coney Island yesterday, when midsummer heat
drove crowds to the beach,
and an eager early bather.

In that city, was held for observation,
by the Passaic police.

Late last evening the heat wave was
broken and a cool breeze sprang up,
giving a promise of more reasonable
weather to-day.

Joseph Ventingilla, aged sixty-eight,
of 129 Hamburg Avenue, Brooklyn,
dropped to the sidewalk from heat
prostration yesterday afternoon, in
front of his son's home, at 400 East
Ninety-second Street, Brooklyn. He
was taken to St. Mary's Hospital.

William Waltry, nineteen years old,
of 969 Forest Avenue, The Bronx, was

taken from his home to Lebanon Hos-
pital last night suffering, physicians
said, from sunstroke.

Record Heat in Washington.

Washington, April 25. Washington's
record heat for April, 93 degrees, was
equalled to-day. Not since 1896 has it
been so hot here. The Weather Bu-
reau announced that the thermometer
in New York registered 88, or within
2 degrees of the April record.

All over Pennsylvania, Ohio and

Michigan records for April heat were
broken, and the Weather Bureau held
out no assurance of relief for two or
three days. Warmer weather is prom-
ised for to-morrow over the whole
region of the middle Atlantic states.

Mercury at 98 Update.

Middletown, N. Y., April 25.—Intense
heat prevailed to-day throughout
Orange and adjoining counties. Ther-
mometers registered 98 degrees, the
highest known in this section on this
date in many years.

CADETS INFEST EAST SIDE AGAIN

Prey on Unemployed Girls
at Dances and Film Shows,
Boy Police Report.

The cadet, once driven from the East
Side, is playing his despicable trade in
that section again. He is also active in
Harlem, The Bronx and Brooklyn.

His presence on the East Side has
been detected by the vigilance of the
boy police of the East Side Protective
Association. The prevalence of unem-
ployment is aiding him to prey on girls
who when at work are safe from his
advances.

An official of the association said last
night that the reports from the boy
police show that the cadets frequent
the evening dancing classes in the pub-
lic school buildings. Here they be-
come acquainted with girls, and visit
to moving picture shows and ice cream
parlors.

"We have found," the official said,
"that not alone are the cadets work-
ing their nefarious trade on the East
Side, but they have been reported as
being active in the upper part of the
city and in The Bronx and Brooklyn as
well. In several cases which have
come under our observation we have
found that the mothers of many of the
girls are unemployed. These girls are
therefore easy prey for the cadets."

Those who have been identified with
the plan since its inception are Police
Commissioner Arthur Woods, Henry D.
Cooper, vice-president of the Univer-
sity Club, Henry B. Anderson, presi-
dent, Henry Evans, Dave H. Morris,
and Henry R. Taylor, of the Auto-
mobile Club of America, and Powhatan
R. Robinson, George J. Corbett, Mat-
thias P. Hall, and Jeremiah T. Ma-
honey of the New York Athletic Club.

From the lips of every saloonkeeper
denial of the brewers' treachery and
fell at the slightest provocation. No
bunch of men ever created their as-
saults on the best business day of the
week. Of course, one had to keep
quiet, and maybe selling liquor on Sun-
day did violate the law, but the unem-
ployed opinion was that until somebody
got arrested no free New Yorker would
have to go thirsty on the Sabbath.

"Mayor Mitchell is not doing his duty
or carrying out his oath of office," said
the Rev. A. V. Chalmers, rector of Holy
Trinity Church, last night. "I have
been calling his attention to the viola-
tion of the Sunday closing law since
January, 1914, and he has taken abso-
lutely no steps in the matter."

"To-day members of the Men's Club
of my church investigated saloons on
the East Side in the seventies and
eighties. All of them were doing busi-
ness, and they had no difficulty in en-
tering any of them. I, in my clerical
dress, entered two saloons without
trouble."

Mr. Chalmers has written his four-
teenth letter of protest to the Mayor.
"On December 16, 1914," it reads,
"when I asked you to enforce the
liquor tax laws in this parish, you
said: 'We are tightening up as fast as
possible.' I have waited patiently for
the tightening up process. By personal
observation and by reports of mem-
bers of our Men's Club, I find that
boys of sixteen to twenty are found in
liquor saloons on Sunday."

"The saloons have from ten to
twenty persons in the back rooms.
The bartenders are working, the cash-
iers record the sales, the doors be-
tween the back rooms and the bars
are open—all this in direct violation
of law."

"Some of the newspapers say the big
brewers are considering whether it
would not be better for them to close
the saloons on Sunday. It would be a
wise move, but it would be better if
the administration would act according
to law, instead of permitting the il-
legal selling of liquor on Sunday."

ORDAINS MISSION WORKER
Brooklyn Presbytery Accepts
the Rev. Carlton Park.

The Rev. Carlton Park for many
years active in rescue mission work and
now superintendent of the Williams-
burg Rescue Mission, which he is in-
spected.

Dependent because of lack of work,
Samuel Ransick committed suicide by
shooting himself while his wife, with
her infant child, was in an adjoining
room.

The body of Domenico Romatone, a
deck hand, who was drowned in the
Harlem River on March 8, has been
recovered.

ONE MINUTE.
PLEASE!

NO ONE DULL MOMENT.
JUST LAUGH, JOLLY, FUNNY, PRETTY
GIRLS AND THE VERY
LAST WORD IN MODERN DANCING
YOU MUST HEAR
THE "Maiden's" and
These are the Times You Will Dance To All
Last Summer. Biggest Show of the Year.
PRINCESS—SPECIAL MAT. TO-DAY, 8 P. M.
CLASSIC
Dances.
Princess, Mat. 10c, Thurs. Mat. 2.00.
Shortest Musical Comedy Success of Year.

NOBODY HOME
BIGGEST SHOW IN TOWN
Water Spectacle—Tabloid Opera
—and Living Pictures Presented on
the World's Largest Stage, Plus
Photo Plays, Including
WHEN IT STRIKES HOME
A Dramatic Feature by Charles H. Harris
MAT. 10c, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.
LAST A PERFORMANCE.

THE ONLY GIRL
By Henry Edwards and Victor Herbert
CASINO, 43rd St. Mat. 10c, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.
Last Week. Warfield. Auctioneer.
LAST A PERFORMANCE.

LOUIS MANN IN THE BUBBLE
LYRIC, 43rd St. Mat. 10c, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.
LAST A PERFORMANCE.

THE PEASANT GIRL
STANDARD, 43rd St. Mat. 10c, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.
LAST A PERFORMANCE.

UNDER COVER
STANDARD, 43rd St. Mat. 10c, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.
LAST A PERFORMANCE.

THE WHITE FEATHER
PLAYHOUSE, 43rd St. Mat. 10c, 2.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.
LAST A PERFORMANCE.

LOU TELLEGEAN
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